

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cade.* The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true : But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, but I say tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,  
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know was true;  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie it.

*Cade.* But dost thou heare *Stafford*, tell the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boyes playde at span-counter with  
French Crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues : marry alwaies provided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicity.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the  
Duke of *Somersets*, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Ariny*  
and *Mayne*, and selling the Townes in France: by which means  
England hath bene maim'd euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crutch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a  
good subiect? Answer me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mer-  
cy, and he wil pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebell-  
ious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile  
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it  
be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,  
That those that will forsake the Rebelle Cade,

Shall

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Shall haue free pardon from his Maiesty.

*Cade.* Come sirs, *S. George* for vs and

*Alarmer* to the battell, where *sir Humfrey*  
are both slaine. Then enters *La*  
again, and the rest.

*Cade.* *Sir Dicke Butcher*, thou hast fo  
antly, and knockt them down as if thou  
ter-house, and thus I will reward thee  
long againe as it was, and thou shalt haue  
score and one a weeke. Drum strike vp,  
London, and to morrow I mean to sit in  
minster.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and  
Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and th  
with others.

*King.* *Sir Humphrey Stafford* and his bro  
And the Rebels march amaine to Londo  
Go backe to them, and tell them thus fr  
Ile come and parley with their Generall  
Yet stay, Ile reade the Letter once again  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly v

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse sha

*King.* How now Madam, still lamer  
*Suffolkes* death? I feare my Loue if I h  
not haue mourn'd so much for me.

*Qu.* No my loue, I should not mourn

Enter a Messenger

*Mes.* Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are  
And haue almost wonne the Bridge,  
Calling your Grace an vsurper:

And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath  
To crowne himselfe King in *Westminst*  
Therefore flye my Lord, and post to Kil

*King.* Go bid *Buckingham* and *Cliff*  
An army vp, and meete with the Rebe

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